Miscellaneous.

Translated from the Courier des Etats-Unis for the Evening Post

ANECDOTE OF JENNY LIND.

After a dumb sojourn at Paris, Jenny Lind has gone to give concerts in London. English ears have no terror for her. Three weeks of silence have oppressed her; for, after all, she is a woman, and, like all women, she loves to talk; but she will contrive to indemnify herself for it.

A very pleasant anecdote is related of the journey of the nightingale, the scene of which is laid in Calais—some say Boulogne—but it matters little whether it be Calais, Boulogne, Havre, or Dieppe. Here is the story:

Leaving Paris by rail, Jenny Lind arrives in the evening at the sea-coast, and for the sake of repose determines to pass the night there. Great artists take very good care of themselves, and so the cantatrice will pass a comfortable night, and not cross the straights until the next morning. At Calais —or Boulogne—her arrival is announced. There are distinguished amateurs there, dilettante who will be delighted to hear the Swedish Nightingale; but the Nightingale is as dumb in the provinces as in Paris; Jenny Lind visits with her displeasure the departments as well as the capital, and has placed all France under her interdict. Poor France!

Among the provincial dilettante are some who pride themselves upon their skill and boldness. Must they cross the straits to hear the Nightingale in London? Of what avail are their wit and audacity, if they simply content themselves with making a journey, which any one can accomplish who has money and time to spare? What a delightful thing it would be to hear Jenny without paying a sous, or without leaving the town, and to cause her to break her obstinate resolution not to sing in France! and what a triumph, could they succeed in the undertaking! But what hope is there of success?

Scarcely has the Nightingale been installed in the apartments prepared for her, when three gentlemen make their appearance. They disregard the directions to admit no one, and enter by authority. Their severe deportment, their magisterial air, and manners, cool and self-possessed, denote persons charged with business of importance. One of them, addressing the Nightingale, whom he accosts without any salutation, says, in a sharp and peremptory tone,

"Give me your passport, Madame." Jenny Lind, astonished, but still faithful to her vow of silence while on French soil, surrenders her passport without a syllable. The gentlemen having examined it with a carefulness indicative of the most profound distrust, remarks, with a roughness migled with irony,

"Oh, we are aware that you have neglected no precautions, and that you travel under an assumed name."

"For whom do you take me?" replies Jenny, compelled at last to speak.

"Do not hope to deceive us. You see that we are well informed. A very clever female impostor, who has been living in Paris for some time past, where she has deceived numberless dupes, having collected a considerable sum of money, is endeavoring to reach England."

"Well, and perhaps you think—"

"That you are the person—exactly so, Madame; your features, person and general appearance conform exactly to the description we have received. Our instructions are positive."

The Nightingale protests loudly and indignantly that she is Jenny Lind, but her angry explanations are met by the most ironical incredulity on the part of her visitors. The spokesman of the party inquires if she can find bail or establish her identity; but Jenny does not know a soul in the place.

"Then, Madame, we must take you into custody for the present."

At these words the protestations of the great artist are redoubled in vigor, but are met by the following answer:

"But, Madame, there is a very simple way of confounding or convincing us. You pretend to be Jenny Lind—very well: if you are she, you have no need of procuring bail or witnesses, for you carry with you the distinguished proof of your identity. Nothing is easier than to prove that you are really a great artist, a resplendent genius, a wonderful singer. I am enough of a musician to decide that, and now give us the proofs."

The argument was unanswerable, and the Nightingale, in a dilemma, hesitates before accepting the alternative offered to her.

"Ah, I was sure of it," replies the author of the proposition; "you are confounded. Put off then this disguise, and cease to sully an illustrious name."

"Which is my own, sir."

"Very well, madame; but your protestations are of no avail if you are unable to give us the proofs which we require. It remains for us only to execute our orders."

"Well," exclaims the Nightingale, vanquished and resigned, "if it must be so, listen, and judge for yourselves."

Then, after a moment's pause to collect herself, animated by the certainty of the effect which she is going to produce, and of the triumph which awaits her, she commences the cavatina from "Norma." Her voice, so pure, so melodious, so powerful, displays all its former richness; the three gentlemen are in a state of ecstacy and delight.

"Brava! admirable! sublime!" they exclaim, as the last note is uttered. "Admirable! sublime!" is repeated from the adjoining apartment, the door of which opening, discovers several other persons applauding vehemently. At the sight of these new hearers, Jenny discovers the device practised to entrap her.

"You must pardon us the artifice," exclaim the culprits, "and also the discomfort we have occasioned you, and the restraint under which you have been placed. However enormous may have been our error, we have not the courage to regret it, since it has been the source of much pleasure to us. Our excuse must rest in your renown, and our desire to listen to you. No one is more competent than yourself to detect the vagaries of musical fanaticism. You are generous—you are charitable—be appeased, then, with the reflection that you have sung for a charitable object. Each of us pays a hundred francs for the inestimable happiness that he has enjoyed; we are ten, and the whole will make a purse of a thousand francs, which we shall present to the poor in your name."

The culprits pleaded their cause so felicitously and eloquently that they were forgiven. Besides, what would have been the use of being angry? The evil was irremediable and the cantatrice could not recall her notes. In spite of her severity toward the French public, Jenny Lind is a woman of spirit, amiable and warm-hearted, and she pardoned them. And this is the way in which the amateurs of a provincial town have succeeded in getting the start of Paris, and have heard Jenny Lind sing.

From Life Illustrated.

CAPTAIN BUDINGTON.

The return of Dr. Kane and the gallant rescue of the *Resolute* by Captain Budington have revived the public interest in the Arctic regions, and we accordingly occupy our first pages to-day with an article upon those ice-bound coasts and their singular inhabitants. The article appeared originally in the *Phrenological Journal*. It presents in a moderate compass all that is known of the Esquimaux, their habits, their customs, and their country, and we believe it will be read with interest. It will be perceived that some of its most interesting facts were derived from Captain Budington's letters to us written on his return from a long residence among the Esquimaux.

Captain Budington is one of the most heroic of our New England navigators. His last achievement, the Recovery of the British ship Resolute, which was abandoned in the ice by her officers two years ago, was executed with remarkable skill and daring, under circumstances that would have discouraged any but the most accomplished seaman. But he and his brave companions have won a valuable prize. The New Haven *Palladium* compiles an account of the recovered ship and her voyage home, from Captain Budington's own log-book:

Captain Budington (says that journal) and his ten men in the Resolute had a hard time of it coming home. The weather was a succession of gales, which drove them down to the Bermudas, where they spoke the vessels Martha Whittemore, four days out from Richmond, bound to Liverpool, in north latitude 35 degrees, west longitude 67, and in the same latitude and longitude spoke the brig Montgomery, of Boston, Captain McIntyre. The Montgomery furnished them with a barrel of potatoes and some water. From the 21st of October, when they made sail for New London, the crew were constantly engaged in "trimming" the vessel.

Their food, consisting of provisions found on the Resolute, was nearly gone, and had not Captain McIntyre seasonably supplied them, they would have been very badly off. The Resolute reached New London December 23d, and came to anchor three quarters of a mile from the wharf, not far from the Groton shore. During the passage the crew were much troubled for water, having to melt ice and drink a brackish fluid, from one of the vessel's tanks, which was only tolerable when made into chocolate. She lost one whole suit of sails during the passage, they being completely "used up."

Mr. Quale, the mate, and three men boarded the Resolute for the first time, September 17th. The ice round her was from twenty-five to thirty feet thick. Getting on deck, they found every thing stowed away in proper order for a desertion—spars hauled up to one side and bound, boats piled together, covering snow-sleds, hatches closed, etc. Every thing was silent and dark in the cabin, but they broke in the hatchway door, and felt their way in darkness to the table. On it they found matches and candles, and the decanters of the officers, with excellent liquor in them, glasses standing around, just as they had been left so many months before.

A dry mold had gathered over every thing. The iron water-tanks in the hold had burst from extreme cold, and the water they had held had flowed over the bottom of the hold. Every thing between decks were covered with moisture. A sort of perspiration had arisen from the water underneath, and settled above. Many articles of apparel were found "wringing wet." The party made a fire in the cabin, and the mould soon began to drip down upon them.

On boarding the ship the first impression is one of admiration at the massive strength of every thing connected with her build. On the windlass of the vessel, in large letters, is cut the injunction, "England expects every man to do his duty."

Indeed, every thing has been kept as undisturbed as possible throughout, since her first discovery in September.

Almost every thing of a perishable nature is almost entirely ruined, as the reader will see hereafter. Glue has dropped out of locker joints, all arising from the dampness consequent on imprisment for so long a time in that climate, with so much water in the hold. The hammocks are all ruined. A cover was thrown off the forecastle yesterday, and every thing in it was covered with rust and mold. Going below, we entered first the cabin.

This was, of course, the captain's room, and it is fitted up in the very substantial and elegant manner of English navy vessels. In two places in the room are cabinets filled with valuable books. It is estimated that even now there are about two thousand volumes, all standard reading, on board. We noticed a full set of "Rees' Encyclopædia," Agnes Strickland's "Lives of the Queens of England," Shakspeare, several volumes, etc. Here we saw the log of the vessel from the 1st of September, 1853, to April 3d, 1854. We copied one entry, as follows:

H. M. S. "Resolute," 17th January, 1854.
9 A. M. mustered by divisions.
People taking exercise on deck.
5 P. M. Mercury frozen.

The book in which these records were kept was quite musty, not to say moldy. Others in the cabin were in a very good state. But we saw fine books all over the ship, covered with mold so thickly as to be disagreeable to handle. One of them, which we took up in the ward-room, was a Bible, and on the fly-leaf, the ink turned by the lapse of time and dampness, was written:

"William Abraham Surrey.
with Jno. Dalton's best wishes."

In the cabin we found books of family prayers, books with forms of prayers especially prepared for the expedition by the Church of England; a "Pilgrim's Progress," with "Master G. Bell's" name in it; a copy of "The Christian Visitor," with the autograph inscription of Captain Kellett's sister, by whom it was presented to him. The chinaware, which we found in a closet here, with decanters filled with the choicest liquors, is of very heavy and costly style. The castors were covered with mold.

We believe there is no doubt that the Resolute, with all her contents, is the property of the men who risked their lives in recovering her. They certainly deserve their good fortune.

THE CONFLICT OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

When Freedom, on her natal day
Within her war-rocked cradle lay,
An iron race around her stood,
Baptized her infant brow with blood,
And through the storms that round her swept,
Their constant ward and watching kept.

Then where the quiet herds repose,
The baleful roar of battle rose;
And brethern of a common tongue,
To mortal strife as tigers sprung,
And every gift on Freedom's shrine,
Was man for beast, and blood for wine.

Our fathers to their graves have gone;
Their strifes are o'er, their triumphs won;
But nobler conflicts wait the race
That rises in their honored place;
A moral warfare with the crime
And folly of an evil time.

So let it be. In God's own might,
We gird us for the coming fight:
And strong in Him whose cause is ours,
In conflict with unholy powers,
We grasp the weapons he has given—
The Light, the Love, and Truth of Heaven!

From the Rural New Yorker.

ORNAMENTAL GROUNDS.

It is not so surprising, in this age of utility and economy, that comparatively little attention has hitherto been paid to beautifying the surroundings of country residences with shady lawns and avenues, or tastefully arranged gardens of fruit trees, when we considered that "speed the plow" is practically, and perhaps necessarily, the leading motto of a very large portion of the denizens of rural-dom. Yet it is apparent—if you exclude the amateurs and suburban residents about our large cities—that, excepting the standard apple orchard, and perchance an occasional grove of flourishing maples and oaks, reserved for the building site, through the forethought of the tasteful owner, the farmers of this country have too much neglected the refining and pleasing accessaries to the homestead.

The introduction of so many excellent varieties of fruits, and the rapid increase of nurseries in many of the States, as well as the prodigality of our American forests, of ornamental shade trees and shrubs, must eventually, it would seem, force this branch of rural art upon the attention of every lover of the country. Indeed, a growing interest has been awakened in this respect within a few past years, that certainly promises much for the future—at least with that portion of the landowners who can, or think they can, afford to let the trees grow.

It should be the aim of the thrifty, before-handed farmer to render a country life pleasant and attractive by some associations beyond the merely useful. "Encourage the beautiful—the useful encourages itself," is a good maxim, and it is to be hoped many may be induced to act upon this advice, and make a beginning the present year, if not more than the adoption into their dooryards of a few handsome specimens of whitewood, white ash, rock elm, rock maple, or other native trees, from the nearest woodland. The work need not be done all at once; but a few seasons' perseverance thereafter, as leisure or fancy may suggest, will accomplish it.

We trust, as the ability of the rural population improves, and their attention becomes more generally directed to the embelishment of their homes, they will proportionately gratify those tastes which are not wanting, but only dormant, from constant attention to the more practical details of husbandry. A liberal display of accomplishment in this charming department of rural affairs not only surely exerts a genial, humanizing influence upon the inmates and upon neighbors, but often is an index that gives the first favorable impression to the eye of the passer-by, who pauses to admire a tidy farm-house, encircled and skirted with ample pleasure-grounds, or half embowered with interlacing trees and vines.

A sufficient area might be inclosed about every farmer's dwelling for the exhibition of a degree of practical taste in landscape gardening, and for those who can not afford to rear a forest upon their best grounds purely for shade, there are plenty of good substitutes in the rarer fruits not usually grown in the orchard, many of them ornamental and quite appropriate as lawn trees. We would prefer planting near our premises at first a good proportion of trees that combine beauty of form and foliage with fruits for the family to get a taste of, or some of the improved varieties of nuts for the children to gather and crack during the long winter evenings, instead of setting out forest trees exclusively or on a large scale. Cherries, apricots, pears, quinces, and grapes, as well as some of the finer kinds of shellbarks, Maderia nuts, almonds, and chestnuts, are in keeping with the dooryard or park, and are planted less frequently than they deserve to be.

Meantime, room could be found for a sprinkling of our native oak, elm, maple, pine, hemlock, etc., from the woods, interspersed with an occasional group or arbor of some of the many elegant species of both deciduous and evergreen trees and shrubs cultivated in the nurseries. The horse-chestnut, for a dense, deep shade—the mountain ash, conspicuous from its profusion of bright scarlet berries—the larch, for a spire-like form, and its vivid silky foliage, and the weeping willow, without a peer, for pendent gracefulness, and desirable from its long season of verdure, though not indigenous to our clime—are all of them striking for contrast, and should not be overlooked in localities where they can be readily procured.

Many, doubtless, are discouraged or deterred from planting, either for the grove or orchard, through an impatience to enjoy the fruits of their labor; for, unlike the majority of farm improvements, a lapse of time is required to bring them to well grown maturity; yet in many cases trees of large size can be selected, and it should be borne in mind that a tree once well established is continually progressing, and that there is a beauty and a source of satisfaction in every stage of its after development to the real lover of nature.

JAPAN.

Much information concerning Japan and the Japanese may be gleaned from the work of J. W. Spaulding,* who accompanied the expedition of Commodore Perry. Of the value of this information, or the advantages to be derived from the treaty made with these secluded islanders, there seems yet to be some doubt. They are singular people, however, and every item of information concerning them is regarded with interest. We quote the following:

Japanese Places of Worship are the chief objects of interest ashore to visit, and consist of the Sintoo, Buddhist temples, and some smaller ones, dedicated to the tutelar deities of the soldiers and the mariners. The Japanese display great rural taste always in their locations, selecting the most picturesque, and at times the most elevated spots for their erection. Attached to these temples are usually *Kungwas*, or places where the weary traveler may rest for the night, and get some tea and eatables from the attendant priests. A Sintoo temple, just at the end of the principal street from the landing at Simoda, was the chief place for the holding of official interviews, overhung by large trees and steep boulders of granite. The spacious and level yard in front was divided with stone crossings smoothly cut, and in it stood alone a tower of Cyclopean masonry, in which was hung one of the sweet-toned bells. Their manner of striking, which is by a piece of green wood swung horizonically on the outside of the bell, gives a delightful softness to the sound, while the proximity to the earth increases the distance at which it may be heard.

The altar in the place of worship was very plain, and had incense burning on it. Its only ornament consisted of bronze castings, representing their sacred crane on the back a tortoise, and a small gilded elephant. There, of course, was the invariable accompaniment of Sintoo worship—a small mirror—an emblem of the soul's perfect purity; or according to some, as plainly as the votary sees his own features in that mirror—so plainly do the mediatory spirits to whom he prays see his spiritual and temporal wants. Such a style of worship would scarcely answer for the belles of our land. As the devotee enters one of these temples, he first drops a few "cash" (about the fifteenth of a cent) into a carefully secured tin box at the door; then by shaking a lot of sleigh-looking bells hanging from a beam, attracts to his prayers the attention of his mediatory spirits, who only number some three thousand; these are the *Kami*, conferees of the Spiritual Emperor or Mikado, and analugous to the saints of the Catholics.

Vehicles.—The only wheeled vehicle you see is a rude hand-cart, the wheels without tires. Should you meet a man on the back of an ox, bringing to town bundles of wood, the sight of your barbarian garments is very apt to incense him greatly; and the rider, disturbed by his movements, dismounts, takes him by the tether, and leads him aside.

Plowing.—This is done with a small plow, with a single hand and beam, the share being like an iron scoop, not of much diameter. It is drawn by an ox in traces and with a wooden saddle, while a small boy leads him with a stick attached to a ring in the nose, and a man holds the handle of the diminutive earth-scratcher.

Japanese Belles.—The young women, with their elaborate arrangements of hair, though rather ungainly in gait, owing to the use of clogs, and wearing about the hips an awkward compressing scarf, are quite good-looking, and, with lighter complexions, have also much better shaped eyes than the Chinese. On marying, they shave off their eye-brows, and blacken their teeth with some iron rust as a badge of the marital state—from which they become most repulsive.—*Dime.*

*Japan and Around the World: an account of Three Visits to the Japonese Empire, with Sketches of Madeira, St. Helena, Cape of Good Hope, Mauritius, Ceylon, Singapore, China, and Loo-Choo. By J. W. Spaulding. Bedfield, 34 Beekman-street, New York.

"Don't tell me of to-morrow,
Give me the men who'll say,
Then when a good deed's to be done,
Lets do the deed to-day!
We may command the present,
If we act and never wait;
But repentance is the phantom
Of the past that comes too late!"

Philosophy in Bib and Tucker.—Young Miss America, a baby yet of five years, sat playing with her doll, while her clerical father with a dull razor tore at his beard.

"Pa," asked the little innocent, "do dolls go to heaven when they get all smashed to pieces?"

"No, dear; dolls haven't souls," said the father.

"Well, then, I don't want to die."

"Why not?"

"Why," answered she, "I s'pose I should have to go to heaven if I died, and I don't want to go any where that they don't have dolls."

It would have been better to let the dolls in.—[New York Times.

Matrimonial.—During the last year the venerable Father Streeter, pastor of the First Universalist Society in Boston, united 196 couples in marriage, and during the period that he served as pastor of the same Society, he has solemnized the marriage ceremony for 3,959 couples.

AGRICULTURAL ODE.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Far back in ages
The plow with wreaths was crowned,
The hands of kings and sages
Entwined the chaplet round;
Till men of spoil
Disdained the toil
By which the world was nourished,
And blood and pillage were the soil
In which the laurels flourished;
Now the world her fault despairs—
The guilt that stains her story,
And weeps her crimes amid the cares
That formed her earliest glory.

The proud throne shall crumble,
The diadem shall wane,
The tribes of earth shall humble
The pride of those who reign.
And war shall lay
His pomp away.
The fame that heroes cherish,
The glory earned in deadly fray
Shall fade, decay and perish.
Honor waits o'er all the earth,
Through endless generations—
The art that calls the harvest forth
And feeds the expectant nations.

THE FROZEN DEAD.

The scene of the greatest interest at the Hospice of the grand St. Benard—a solemn, extraordinry interest, indeed—is that of the Morgue, or building where the dead bodies of lost travelers are deposited. There they are, some of them as when the breath of life departed, and the death angel, with his instruments of frost and snow, stiffened and embalmed them for ages. The floor is thick with nameless skulls and bones, and human dust heaped in confusion. But around the walls are groups of poor sufferers in the very position in which they were found, as rigid as marble, and, in this air, by the preserving elements of an eternal frost, almost as uncrumbling. There is a mother and her child, a most affecting immage of suffering and love. The face of the little one remains pressed to the mother's bosom, only the back part of the skull being visible, the body enfolded in her careful arms—carful in vain, affectionate in vain, to shield her offspring from the elemental wrath of the tempest.

The snow fell fast and thick, and the hurricane wound them both up in one white shroud and buried them. There is also a tall, strong man, standing alone, the face dried and black, but the white, unbroken teeth, firmly set and closed, grinning from the fleshless jaws; it is a most awful spectacle. The face seems to look at you, from the recess of the sepulchre, as if it would tell you the story of a death-struggle in the storm. There are other groups more indistinct, but these two are never to be forgotten; and the whole of these dried and frozen remnants of humanity are a terrific demonstration of the fearfulness of this mountain pass, when the elements, let loose in fury, encounter the unhappy traveler. You look at all this through the grated window; there is just enough to make it solemnly and distinctly visible, and to read it in a powerful record of mental and physical agony, and of maternal love and death. That little child hiding its face on its mother's bosom, and both frozen to death!—one can never forget the group, nor the *memento mori*, nor the token of deathless love.—*Wanderings of a Pilgrim.*

A UNIVERSAL CHURCH.

Lydia Maria Childs writes to Life Illustrated, "I cherish the hope that, some time or other, there will be a Universal Church; and already I see some indications of its approach. It is reported that Abd-El-Kader, a Mohammedan Emir, now in Paris, has written a book to prove that Judaism, Christianity, and Mohammedanism are only one religion differing merely in details. He says: "If Mussulmans and Christians would believe me, they might agree, and treat each other as brethren." In this work the reverential Arab complains that Christian scholars are not in the habit of raising their minds toward God, the author of all things, as they ought. It is something new to be instructed in reverence and mutual charity by a Mohammedan missionary! For all such signs I am deeply thankful. If I have been enabled to help the good work onward ever so little, it is something worth having lived for.

"BY AND BY."

There's music enough in these three words for the burden of a song. There's hope wrapped up in them, an articulate beat of the human heart.

By and by!

We heard it as long ago as we can remember, when we made brief but perilous journeys from chair to table, and from table to chair again.

We heard it the other day, when two parted that had been "loving in their lives," one to California and the other to her lonely home.

Everybody says it—some time or other. The little boy whispers it when he dreams of exchanging the little stubbed boots for those like a man.

The man murmurs it—when, in life's middle watch, he sees his plans half finished and his hopes yet in the bud, waiving in the cold, late springs.

The old man says it—when he thinks of putting off the mortal for the immortal, to-day for to-morrow.

The weary watch for the morning, and while away the dark with "by and by."

Sometimes it sounds like a song; sometimes there is a sigh or a sob in it. What wouldn't the world give to find it in almanacs—set down somewhere, no matter if in the dead of December—to know that it would surely come! But fairy-like as it is, flitting like a star-beam over the dewy shadows of years, nobody can spare it; and we look upon the many times these words have beguiled us, the memory of the silver "by and by" as like the sunrise of Ossian, pleasant but mournful to the soul.—*Picayune.*

A New Course of Sermons.—Some one, who feels the need of being "up with the times," writes to the Philadelphia *Christian Chronicle* as follows:

"We have had 'The Women of the Bible' 'The Daughters of the Bible,' and many other things in that line; and now we are having from one of the pulpits in New York 'The Mothers of the Bible,' with the usual varieties. Please announce through your valuable columns, that I propose commencing a course of sermons on 'The *Men* of the Bible' among the subjects of which will be the following:

Adam, the Grandfather of all.
Noah, the First Sea Captain.
Esau, the Man with *the Heavy* Beard.
Absalom, the Fast *Young* Man.
Nebuchadnezzar, the First Pure Vegetarian.
Felix, the Free-Lover, &c., &c."

Railroad Accidents.—The following table of the Railroad accidents of the past year in the United States is as nearly complete as possible. It includes all the principal casualities to trains, but not the individual cases of persons run over kill or wounded, in jumping on or off moving trains, &c.:

	Accidents.	Killed.	Wounded.
January	19	10	44
February	10	2	20
March	12	3	36
April	7	2	19
May	7	5	30
June	8	4	20
July	13	9	48
August	10	23	106
September	15	10	67
October	21	13	89
November	13	26	81
December	8	7	29
Total	143	119	556

Of the the above 119 killed, 61 were engineers, conductors, brakemen and employees of the roads, and 58 were passengers. As compared with previous years, the number of accidents, as well as the number of persons killed or injured, is less than either in 1853 or 1854, notwithstanding the increased number of railroads.

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" " One year,	6,00
Two Squares six months,	5,00
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